One of these expeditions brought him to

New London. Near this city was a rich

farmer. Lew wanted to make a good job of

this and resolved to get into the house in

some way. He presented himself to Mr.

Reese and asked for work as a stable hand.

His appearance was in his favor, for he looked

honest and had an air of simple frankness

He probably meant to stay around the

place only long enough to learn where the

old gentlemen kept his money and any valu-

ables. But the second morning after he was

there a young girl came tripping down to the

pony into the village-cart. She was a pretty

spectful way, but with an air of deference,

to make them so. Whether he really loved

the girl or simply thought it would be a fat

thing to capture her with the chance of get-

ting Mr. Reese's money cannot be known.

Lew was such a cold-blooded fellow that it

was as likely to be the second as the first,

girl was certainly more passion than deep-

seated affection, of which he was incapable.

Subsequent events showed that if he ever

cared for her it was a short-lived thing with

Bessie Reese used to take drives oftener

the buckles and to polish the pony off. Bessie

got to passing remarks with the stable hand,

and finally got to running down to the stable

didn't want the horse. She would forget her

on one excuse or another, even when she

gloves, or have some question to ask about

the pony. She generally chose a time when

Mr. Reese was away for these little expedi-

Lew caught on to all these little things, and

kept the interest up. "Wallace, where do

you come from?" Miss Bessie asked him one

day when she had returned from a drive, and

was lingering about after the pony had been

This was just the chance Lew wanted. He

told her a beautiful story. His father was a

rich man who had wanted him to marry the

daughter of a wealthy friend and go into

business. He had refused. He did not love

the girl, and he wouldn't marry a woman un-

less he loved her. Oh, no, never! This had

excited his father's wrath, and he threatened

to turn him adrift if he would not assent to

him out, and Lew, in his indignation, had

taken the first position that offered itself, and

was glad to humiliate his unkind father by

" I do not regret it," said Lew, " and I am

very glad I got this place with-your father."

This, with an ardent glance at Miss Bessie.

I did not think I should find things so

pleasant, miss. I beg you will not reveal my

secret. I do not know how I came to tell it

to you, only you are so good and consider-

ate. Please do not let any one else know any-

thing of it, I assure you I am quite con-

tented. I couldn't have got a place that

would have suited me so well as looking after

For reasons not hard to conjecture Miss

lot. It was not long before the young woman

had prevailed on her indulgent father to pro-

Part II to-morrow.

A PANIC QUICKLY QUELLED.

Prof. Weston's Presence of Blind and Ready

Wit at Poole's Theatre.

at Poole's Theatre that was not upon the pro-

gramme and which, although humorous in

its effect as it turned out, came near produc-

the fair-sized audience that had assembled to

see Prof. Weston's unique entertainment of "7,000 miles in 7,000 seconds," which is given

collided with a projecting book and the pros-pective angel hung there suspended until

Just at this moment, while the audience

Mrs. Keep Wauts an Investigation.

ber and gas-pipe which has against one of the wings.

Something occurred last Sunday evening

your pony for you, Miss Bessie."

and had no feeling.

doing a menial's work.

about him. He was engaged by Mr. Reese.

skip out.

girl's heart.

tions.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

## THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year. 228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED :

THE WORLD came under the present proprie 8,151,157 19,235,238 28,150,785 61,241,267 70,126,041 83,389,828

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636

Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267 Amount of White Paper used during the Five

The average circulation of The

Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

## CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

THE POOR OLD PARTY. The name of " grand old party" should be

changed to " poor old party." What is the Republican party here for? At Washington it exists simply as a con-

spiracy to prevent a reduction of the war taxes, and to squander the surplus. At Albany it is a mere dog for Boss PLATT's collar.

Poor old Republican party!

### 80 BAID NOAH'S NEIGHBORS.

"It isn't much of a flood after all," says an Old Whig defender of the war tariff in noticing the organization and declaration of the Democratic State Committe of Pennsylvania. So said Noah's neighbors as the Ark floated by.

Not only was Mr. RANDALL's candidate for Chairman defeated on a square issue, with that able leader in personal command of his forces, but a resolution was passed fully indorsing the President's Message and urging his renomination.

The waters may subside, but they are pretty deep in Monopolvania just now.

## SECRET MARRIAGES.

Within a week half a dozen cases of trouble and shame through alleged "secret marriages" have found their way into the news-

Will young women never learn that any man who proposes secret marriage and concealment of the resultant relation is either a coward or a knave-and probably both?

If novels and the stage no not teach this truth, the daily revelations in the press ought to do it. No girl who respects herself and values her character and future happiness, will consent to any back door and dark pas sage entrance to the honorable state of matrimony.

#### GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE. The Orange County Justice who sentenced

a larking boarding-school girl to a month's imprisonment in jail for "lifting" some chickens from their roost for a private broil. failed in wrath to remember mercy.

An admonition and a fine would have bee ample punishment for such an offense.

Boarding-school girls must have some outlet for their spirit of fun and mischief. "Larks" are not for boys alone. And while chicken stealing is decidedly not a lady-like amusement, the originality and the daring displayed in this prank should have appealed to the Justice's sense of fun.

Mischief that is neither malicious nor venal should not be punished too severely.

The inquiry into the Pacific Railway crookedness is bearing fruit. The Senate Committee on Appropriations has stricken out a provision in a House bill to pay a judgment of \$85,396 to the Pacific roads. If just, let it be " credited on account."

Statesmen, like other people, would be able to bear a great deal of mental strain if they would take decent care of themselves. Abuse of the stomach and a lack of sleep are responsible for most of the ills that are attributed to overwork.

Gov. Hill has met the expectations of the bench, the bar and the people in nominating JOHN CLINTON GRAY, of this city, to fill the vacancy in the Court of Appeals.

If German opera goes, what is to come? Has New York enough of the courage of its taste in matters musical to call for a season of Italian or French opera?

The sluggers in England profess to be "blue-moulding for a fight," but they take precious good care to keep out-of one that has any "business" in it.

Men who won't arbitrate admit that they have a bad once.

FUN AROUND THE OIL PIT.

Eddle Jewett has the name of being the cham pion pool-player of the Exchange. Willy Loeb declares he will never order anothe

pottle of wine until he knows whom it is on. Billy Lane's diamonds are regarded as the outcome of his activity in the late bull movement. Faces which have not been seen on 'Change for many moons now bob about in the seething oil pit.

Broker McQuaid seems and since he parted with

his dog. He is paying strict attention to business

George Rosevelt, who looks like a 'country par-

son, has been making some strewd deals in the oil pit recently. Sam Noyes has discovered a new brand of cigsra.

Those of his friends who have tried them, say they are-very good. Ogilvie Jung lost a sale the other day, and if some of his fellow-brokers had not put a weight on

him he would have been lost himself. If the bulge on oil had only held out Ross Underhill thinks he would have had a "schooner" that

would discount anything on the Bowery. Eddy Kimball doesn't practise his Whyo yell much nowadays. His friends are trying in vain to discover what is the burden on his mind.

Sam Ames has taken to wearing carnations because, he says, he must have something red. The part of the town where he lives is too pale.

George Betts wants to get back into the oil pit, but his wicked partner won't let him. George's voice used to be a familiar sound in the ring.

Ed Wemple has left stocks and is now slipping around in grease; at a lively rate. His length of imb and depth of lung stand him in good stead. J. H. Collins has solemnly promised some of his

riends never to dine at the Manhattan again untiit is guaranteed that his Burgundy will be watered. Charley Brown, who has glued himself to the Lackswanns post, has the reputation of being the best fly catcher on " eighths" in that part of the Joe Zuckerman has lost his famous umbrella and

ooks as forlorn as if he had lost every friend on earth. The boys are going to buy a new green one for him. An unfortunate resemblance to ex-Napoleon Henry S. Ives has caused H. C. Buckhout to

change the cut of his "favoritas" to avoid fature mistakes. Since New Year's Day there has not been a break n Broker W. F. Carey's attendance on the floor. |He seems to think there is more money in the Exchange

han out of it. The careworn look of Albert Wollberry, as he valks around the floor, is explained by his friends, who say he is looking for that boom which got lost on its way from the Pacific coast.

Broker Cholwell found a diamond in the middle of the oil pit the other day and insisted that some wealthy bull was trying to sait the place. Memberships have an advancing tendency.

Theodore Crohn went back to his old friend "Petro" after the buil market set in. He says he likes to chase a fluctuation around the oli pit, and he is getting plenty of exercise just now.

O. V. Vail, familiarly known as "Peck's Bad Boy," is a champion at leg gymnastics. His double shuffle, break-down or jig would make the average song-and-dance artist turn green with envy.

SPROUTS FROM THE MARKET. George Grum is ubiquitous when any fun is float-

ing around. John Alexander can take the skin off a rabbit so quick that his friends want to introduce him to Baby Bunting.

Joseph Jacobs doesn't mind being called the alowest man around the market, for when it comes to playing billiards the boys say nothing. Jack Post keeps up his reputation as the boss

oyster opener, and although the little old man

with the scythe has been ogling him for some time, he can still open 7,000 bivaives a day. "Before and After Election " two paintings are named which hang in Clancy's. The figures are those of a typical politician of thirty years ago and an old wood-sawyer. The wood-sawyer finished his earthly task many years ago, but the original of the politician, Urlah Allen, a prominent furni-

#### ture dealer of Jersey, occasionally drops in, looks at the likeness and sighs for the old days. WORLDLINGS.

Only twelve Indians are left of the tribe of 1,000 who inhabited the Yosemite Valley but a few years auo.

Ex-Secretary Lamar's full name is Lucius Ouintus Cincinnatus Lamar, uently written.

Charles Sienett, of Mansfield, Mass., is another musical prodicy. He is not three years old yet, but can rattle off upward of twenty tunes on the harmonica, many of them without missing a note. A train on the Alabama and Great Southern Railroad dashed through a drove of fifty mules at Akron recently and killed eight of them outright. The locomotive kept on its way without leaving the ralls.

J. A. Brannen, of Swainsboro, Ga., has a cane of cypress wood which he values highly as a relic because it was cut on the spot where Jefferson Davis was captured by the Yankees, near irwinsville, Ga., in 1865.

They took a vote in Rolla, Mo., recently on the question who was the "aweetest girl in school," and as a result there have been no fewer than twenty fights between young men and old, friends and brothers of the fair contestants. No event that has occurred in the town's history has so stirred up its society.

J. W. Donne, President of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, of Chicago, began his commercial career as a vender of peanuts, and W. M. Hoyt, the millionaire grocer and founder of the mense tea trade between Chicago and Chins, used to keep an apple stand on Lake street, near

Samuel Frampton, of Nodaway County, Mo., still keeps and takes good care of the norse he had when he rode off to the war in 1861. The animal is thirty-two years old and is active and in good condition. Mr. Frampton asserts that during Price's last raid in Missouri he rode this horse eighty miles between sunrise and sundown.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, with its new rotary snow-ploughs, will be able to defy the bligzard. Pushed by locomotives, they dash through a crift seven feet deep at the rate of from fifteen to wenty miles an hour. After the snow has been cut up by the revolving knives it is expelled from a spout at the side of the plough like the dust from a plower in a planing mill.

Charles L. Hutchinson, who has just been elected President of the Chicago Board of Trade, is only thirty-three years old. Before he was twenty-one he had laid aside \$10,000 as a result of his transactions on 'Change. He is the manager of the nnances of the Chicago Provision and Packing Company, is President of the Corn Exchange Bank and is an equal partner with his father in the grain

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith's Nephew.

The members of the East Congregational Church at Tompkins avenue and Kosciusko street, Brocklve, are making an effort to secure the Rev. Frank
Hyatt Smith as their pastor, to succeed the Rev.
Mr. Decker, dismissed from the Church. Mr.
Smith is a theological student, with two years to
study before practiation, and he is a nephew of the
late Rev. J. Hyatt Smith. As temporary supply he
is filling the church by his eloquent and carefully
prepared sermons.

Nobody Claims the Bead Nova Scotians. The bodies of L. Fulton and L. Parker, the two Nova Scotians who were sufficiently by gas at the International Hotel, remain at the Morgue unclaimed. The telegrams sent to Lower Stewacke, N. S., have not yet been answered.

# **CAPTAIN LEW**

A Buccaneer of the Bay.

POLICE CAPT. E. O. SMITH, Commander of the Police Beat " Patrol".

PART I.



[WRITTEN EXPRESSIVE FOR "THE EVENING WORLD. "] A-TA, you infernal devil!" A cheerful sort of

'good-night" to be cast at one. It came fresh and vigorous, but in hollow tones, North River piers, one of those summer nights when the sky

is a blue-black and the air along the river is very pleasant. But in there under the dock it was black as jet, and the voice sounded along the network of the piles and underpinning in a ghostly sort of way.

It came from a young rascal of a river marauder who was destined to carry things with a still higher hand before he got through working the North River.

At this time he was a fellow twenty-six years of age, of a compact, wiry physique, light-brown hair and mustache and the coldest gray eye that was ever stuck in a man's or woman's head. He was very strong and active, and absolutely fearless. Except for this repelling, cold look in the eye and a sharp-cut, pitiless mouth, Lewis Wallace would have been an engaging chap, the kind that makes inroads in young women's hearts.

He already had a history. He was the only son of a prosperous New Brunswick shipchandler, who had accumulated a handsome sum of money but was very close-fisted. Lew was a pretty fast young fellow and used to make things howl when he would get his salary and break loose on the town with some of his boon companions. He had so much force and vim about him that he controlled them pretty thoroughly, and he put the pace of the whole team at a lively running.

He had been engaged to a pretty girl of the place, who was to come into a handsome fortune when her father died. But as Lew's exploits got noised about the old gentleman tried to freeze him out, and the girl held on with a good deal of doubt.

One winter night he took her sleigh-riding. When they got five miles out in the country he was so full that he banged up against mile-stone with the cutter, made kindling wood of it and landed his best girl in a snowdrift, knee deep.

Lew gave the horse a vicious cut with the whip when he saw the sleigh was ruined, and letting him tear along the road, staggered back to town with the girl.

This was the last straw on the camel's back. She threw him over. Lew was not one of the kind to waste any energy in mourning over a disaster that could not be repaired, but he felt vexed at slipping up on the boodle, which would have enabled him to live the life he liked.

Some months later he had contracted a pile of gambling debts. One of these was to a desperate crook, who insisted on prompt payment. Lew uttered a forged note on his father for \$100. The old man spotted it and bounced his son on the spot, like a Spartan. He never entered his father's house but once after that. Then it was at night and without any invitation from the father. He called with a friend and relieved the old man of several hundred dollars which he had in the

Lew became a river thief. Many of his old associates had been on the border line of criminality and two or three were considerably over it. The notion took his fancy. He Bessie was rather glad to know that the oured by his " bad luck." as he called it and liked the adventure and lawlessness of this new pursuit.

had prevailed on her indulgent father to promote Wallace to the position of groom, and he used to drive her around the roads in the neighborhood in great style.

Lew was watching the girl as a cat would a mouse. He didn't like to say anything that would spill all his fat into the fire through being too previous. By a sort of tacit agreement whenever they were around the house, especially if Mr. Heese was about. Lew had all the primness of the correct young groom, and the young woman would give him her order in a cool, indifferent way. But when they got out on the quiet country road, where there was little passing by, Bessie used to talk very familiarly with the young man.

Part II to morrows. On the night in question he had been pulling up the river, hugging the shore. In the



HE FIRED AT US REPEATEDLY,

prow of his boat a gleam of tin showed he had been "lifting" something. Our boat with two men and myself manning it gave chase. But he was as quick as a weasel, and spotted us as soon as we did him.

He shot under the dock and shouted the above salutation as our boat came near. We poked around in the gloom as well as we could. Finally we found his boat upside down. Lew had slipped us. He had sprung from the gunwale of his boat up among the rafters and wound his way along through them like a rat and got away.

It wasn't very amusing to see the young rascal so cheeky and so slippery, and it was a good deal of satisfaction to run him down three weeks later over on the Brooklyn side. We were lying in the shadow of a dock and he rowed right across the front of our boat. We pulled for him. He popped away at us with his pistol, but hit nobody.

We nabbed him, and my brave Lew got run in for the first time in his criminal career.

He got sent up for a year. Imprisonment didn't do him a bit of good. He wasn't the kind that reforms easily. When he got loose he took to his old tricks again. And here comes in a chapter of romance in his career. He used to go to some of the

towns along the Sound and work them and WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

> CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN FRONT OF THE RETAILERS' COUNTERS.

Boy Buys Three Cents' Worth of Soup Greens, and a Poorly-Clad Young Womat Pays a Cent for a Carrot-How Poor People De Their Hand-to Mouth Marketing-Necessaries More Costly Than Ever

In his intercourse with his customers the small grocer has to be as unconventional as most of his daily business transactions are stable and asked the new hand to hitch her minute. This is a secret of success which James Boyle, a young grocer at 200 East girl, eighteen years old, with a high color and Thirty-seventh street, has learned so well handsome eyes. The new hand sized her up that in the face of a particularly strong neighpretty closely and concluded to make love to borhood opposition he has, in a little more her. Instead of working his plan to rob the than a year, built up a brisk trade. While house he conceived the idea of stealing the Mr. Boyle was dealing out neighborhood small-talk and coffee to a pleasant-faced, bare-It wasn't such a bard job, Lew exerted headed and dark-eyed young woman an himself to make an impression. He was very | Evening World reporter divided his attention between a well-stocked shelf and an attentive to the girl and tried to make things comfortable for her whenever she drove out. elderly lady, rather stout and dressed in Everything he did was done in the most reblack, who was persistently poking a yawning market-basket under the nose of a boy He was a good-looking fellow and strong, clerk as the latter moved from point to point while his ways were winning when he chose in the store.

"I owe you, Jim, but never mind paying now," was the remark from the bareheaded customer, which told that the trade over the counter was finished, and at about the same ime the market basket, yawning no longer, was held up to, Mr. Boyle by the stout woman and any feeling he might have had for the in black.

"There's three cents' worth of onions." said she, "and a quart of potatoes, and the carrots and things," "Seventeen cents," briefly told the store-

keeper. The woman carefully counted her change and asked of the boy who had filled her basket: "How much were the potatoes?" "Seven cents," said the boy, and the than ever, and she never hurried Lew about getting the pony into the village cart. It used to take him a long time to look after

"Seven cents," said the boy, and the woman nodded and went out.

"Business is fair," the proprietor was telling the reporter by this time. "Money has been tight, though, since New Year's, and we've got money out that we ought to have in. The people are all good, but they're slow with us and that makes us slow with our creditors." creditors."

Off he went to heap up first a quart measure Off he went to heap up first a quart measure of apples and then another of potatoes. The demand for potatoes seemed to be very constant, and in dealing them out the store-keeper reinforced the measure with his hand and arm, so as to make the quantity look almost double.

"You give good measure," said the re-

porter.
"We have to, there's so many of these lit-"We have to, there's so many of these little groceries around, and if we fall off any there's a kick, and the customer goes somewhere else. There's little enough money in it, anyway. Those are Scotch potatoes there, and very good cooking ones, though small. They cost us \$2.50 a barrel, and it's seldom we can squeeze out more than thirty-five quarts, this measure, when there ought to be forty."

In rushed a thin-legged boy with a latchkey and a basket. He wanted potatoes, of course, and then, "Three cents' worth of soup greens,"

course, and then, "Three cents' worth of soup greens,"

Mr. Boyle for the last-named demand gathered up in one hand sprigs of parsley and celery, a leek, a carrot and a turnip, and the boy paid 10 cents and left.

"Soup greens!" exclaimed the reporter, and the storekeeper laughed.

"There are worse neighborhoods than this for that," said he, "Sometimes they ask for a cent's worth and want a handful at that, We don't touch any for less than two cents, though." the marriage. The old man was ambitious It was pretty hard to be cut off when he had been used to a life of pleasure and to having his own way. Yes. But he did not love the girl, and that settled it. His father turned

though. though."

As an illustration of the pettiness of some of his cash transactions Mr. Boyle said that he had in his coffee trade demands for two ounces and even for an ounce. "It's seldom we trouble ourselves, though, for an ounce

order."

In coal, Mr. Boyle does the usual retail business and sells the fuel at 11 cents a pail.

A woman, poorly clad, young in years, but whose face showed years of suffering and deprivation, preceded an Evenno World Preporter into the store of John J. Peters & Son, at 304 West Thirty-ninth street. "How much for a carted?" she asked

for a carrot?" she asked.
"One cent." was the reply.
"That's all," and after paying her cent the woman went out of the store.
"Yes, it's a pretty dear winter," said the storekeeper, "and the prices of pretty nearly everything are moving in the wrong direc-tion for the poor. This weather I sell a ton of coal in three days. Cabbages I sell for 10, 12 and 15 cents a head. Sugar has gone up, and I now charge 23 cents for three and a half pounds."

F. J. Newmann does a grocery business at

314 West Thirty-ninth street. His wife wa tending the store when the reporter entered.

'Coal? Oh yes, we keep it," she said. I buy a ton at a time and sell it for from 9 to 11 cents per scuttle, according to the size of the scuttle, but we sell mostly half-scuttles at a time. You see the women are generally the ones to buy, and they don't want to carry more than half a scuttle at a time. They buy the small coal for the most part, because they have the large or stove coal in their bouses"

This is the first instance in which a storekeeper has stated that the people buy in larger quantities than a bushel at a time. "We sell considerable prepared meats, too," Mrs. Newmann continued. "The women use ham, sausages and so on, for sup-per, and then give it to their husbands for lunch the next day."

New Faces at the Hotels. Gen. I. M. Corse, of Boston, is at the Glisey. Dr. Charles C. MoLean, of Meadville, is staying at the St. James.

John Echols, the well-known Virginian, is regis-tered at the Fifth Avenue.

M. Schwob, Vice-Consul of France at Moutreal, and Mrs. Scawob are at the Albernarie. ing a serious and possibly fatal panic among John Sharples and C. P. Stovey, both of Quebec are among to-day's arrivals at the Aibemarle. every Sunday evening at that house.

While a large illustration of the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris was being shown the en-Capt. C. H. Hulse, of England, and Montrose Cloete, of Mexico, are booked at the Brunswick. tertainer amused his audience by explaining for a fact that only a few weeks ago a would-be suicide jumped from the top expecting to be thereby relieved from all further earthly cares, but in falling his "nether garments" W. F. Huntington, a banker of Rochester, and W. H. Parmenter, of Troy, are guests of the Glisey. At the Victoria are Dr. and Mrs. Charles M. Fish, of Meadville, and August R. Meyer, of Kansar

J. Morrison, Governor of the British American Insurance Company of Toronto, is at the Bruns Registered at the Hoffman are Thomas B. Curr of Putsburg, and A. G. Yates, one of Rochester's merchants.

was listening with breathless interest to the recital, a terrific crash was heard which startled everybody in the place and nearly resulted in a panic. Five or six persons seated nearest the stage rose to their feet, apmerchants.

Theodore Morris, a Boston hatter, and W. M. Peck, the paper manufacturer, of Glens Falls, are at the Hotel Dam.

Richard Smith, of Cincinnsti, and John A. Abbott, a well-known rairoad man of Chicago, are at the Fifth Avenue.

Among others at the Brunswick are E. S. O. Pemberion of England; E. L. Maxwell, of Pouga-keepsie, and W. H. Calpman, of Boston.

Stopping at the Linkon Source, Hotel are John T.

seated nearest the stage rose to their feet, apparently ready to rush from the theatre, when Prof. Weston begged the people to remain seated, auding that the noise was a part of the entertainment and was intended to initate the shock of the suspended man's false teeth falling from his mouth and crashing on the pavement a hundred feet below.

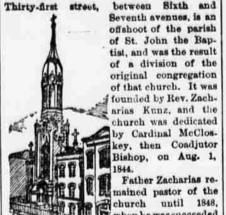
Instantly the tension was loosened and a row of laughter and hearty ampliance attested. Stopping at the Union Square Hotel are John T. Skinner, of Badwinsville; John W. Roberts, of S.n Francesco, and Samuel Watson, of Boston.
Wm. Gray, from bonnie Scotland, E. S. Shephard, from Boston, and W. H. Justice, a publisher tailing from Cincionati, are at the Astor to-day. roar of laughter and hearty appears audience. Later on it was learned that a pet cat of the theatre had been among the flies and had either fallen or sprang from her lofty perch, in her flight bringing down a lot of light timber and gas-pipe which had been left leaning The Morton House shelters Louis F. Bailey, of Elmira, W. B. Jones, of Pittsburg; C. A. Moody, of New Haven, and E. W. Carritt, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Silsbee Betere the Liberal Club. "The Origin and Unity of Religions" is the title of a free lecture to be delivered this evening before Mrs. Mary T. Keep, widow of Charles D. Keep, the Liberal Club, 220 East Fifteenth street, by Dr. Samuel Silsione, of Cincinnati, who was a surgeon in the army in the late war. of "K-Wren" fame, and formerly editor of the Wall Street Netce, went before Coroner Vanderveer

war street sees, went before Coroner Vanderveer at Long Branch yesterday and made affidavit that she believed that her husband had been poisoned, she sileges that her belief is that certain persons aummoned her husband and accomplished his death for the purpose of defrauding her out of his estate, to winde she is sole heir by writte of a will ex outed abortly after their marriage in 1878. Hr. Reep died at the Eiberon Hotel, Long Branch, last summer. College Graduates to Dine To-Night. The sevents annual reunion and dinner of the Class of '80, New York University, takes place to-night at Clark's, in Twenty-third street, Speeches are expected from L. M. Daniel, N. C. Hen rickson, H. Kudlich, J. H. Gilbert and Chas. B. Banadist.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSIST CHURCH.

A German Parish Conducted Under the Care of the Order of St. Francis. The Church of St. Francis of Assisi, in



church until 1848, when he was succeeded CHUBCH OF ST. PRANCIS by the Rev. Alexander Martin, of the Order

of St. Francis, who had spent several years travelling in the Holy Land. During his pastorate great improvements were made in the church building, which was enlarged and remodelled at a considerable expense, and the new edifice was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Hughes on March

OF ASSIST.

Father Martin retired in the year 1855 and Father Martin retired in the year 1855 and was succeeded by the Rev. Father Rudolph, who had been a priest in the diocese of Mentz in Germany. He was greatly beloved and respected by his parishioners and remained in the pastorate until 1864, when his death left the church without a pastor.

It was then decided by Archbishop Mc-Closkey to place the church under the care of the order of St. Francis, of which its founder was a member. The Provincial, the Rev. Pamphilo da Magliano, accordingly appointed the Rev. Andrew Pfeiffer, O. S. F., to the pastorate. He was also made Guardina of the Franciscan Convent, which was then

to the pastorate. He was also made Guardian of the Franciscan Convent, which was then started in connection with the church.

Under his pastorate the parochial schools were much improved and placed upon a firmer basis. The school for boys had already been in existence for some time. He established a school for girls in the charge of the Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, which was opened in 1866, and has since been carried on with great success and benefit to the parish.

During the pastorate of the Rev. Eugene Dikovitch, who succeeded Father Andrew in Divortich, who succeeded Father Andrew in 1870, the church was renovated and great im-provements were made, both within and without, and a new organ was purchased. The building of a new parochial school more

adapted to the wants of the parish was another one of the benefits secured during this pastorate.

The Rev. Father Polycarp Guth became the next pastor and guardian in 1882, but his death occurring during the same year he was succeded by the Rev. Father John Roser, O. S. F., who was in turn replaced in 1882, but the Rev. Cornelius Praetori, the present pastor, under whom the church has prospered.

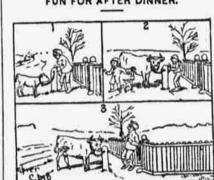
Attached to the church is the Third Order of St. Francis, besides rosary, purgatorium and altar societies, an order for young ladies called the Children of Mary, which is doing

called the Children of Mary, which is doing great good in the parish.

The pastor, Rev. Cornelius Praetori, was born in Bavaria, Germany, Dec. 3, 1849, and was educated at the Gymnasium of Straubing, where he was graduated in 1866. He was ordained a priest at Munich in 1871, and was in several monasteries in Bavaria till 1879, when he came to America.

Here he was first appointed assistant priest in Louisville, Ky., and afterwards became connected with the Seminary of the Franciscans at Allegheny, and afterwards, in 1882, went to Winsted, Conn., where he remained until he assumed the pastorate of St. Francis in 1883. His present assistants are the Rev. Lewis Stanton, O. S. F., and the Rev. Eligius Popp, a native of Gemünd, Wurtemberg.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



A Rise in Stock.

Scene I.—The Deacon—I'll drop in and see the widder a minute. Scene IL -Mischievous Youngsters-This'll be a good joke onto old Seth Prime. Scene III,—The Deacon—Wail, I swan', I must hev stayed a long time in thar.

A Soft Suap. [From the Burlington Free Press.
De Smith-They say that Poseyboy has got a

mighty soft thing in that Government position.
Travis—Ah, yes; you refer to his head. He had
that always. Coals of Fire. [From the Binghamton Republican.]
The rapidity with which our forests are dissppearing, supplemented by the grip of the coal barons, is going to make it hard for the poor man to heap coals of fire on a neighbor's head in the near

A Rapid Calculation. (From Judge.)
Salesman—Yes, sir; I will warrant that one of

in the course of a year.

Long-Headed Farmer—Give me two on 'em,
Mought as well save 100 per cent. while I'm 'bout it, Not Invited. (From the Washington Critic, ]
Conductor—What was the business going on last

night at the National Theatre? Driver-That's what I want to know. It was something about Car men, but just what, I can't find out. It's blamed funny they didn't sak us to ome to the meeting.

A Constant Affliction. [From the Hoston Transcript.]
Fogg is a compassionate creature. Seeing (and cearing, alas!) on the street, the other day, a blind fiduler sawing away on an instrument which cer-

nddier sawing away on an instrument which certainty was not a Stradivarius, Fogg stopped to speak with the itinerant musician.

"And so you are blind?" he began.

"Yee, sir," replied the violinist, stopping midway between two ear-aplitting sorapes.

"But you are not deaf?"

"Oh, no, no! at all. My hearing is excellent."

"Poor man!" exclaimed Fogg, putting a quarter in the other's hand; "you must be a great sufferer. Here, take tula. I wish it was more."

Knew What to Expect.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
"I wish I knew what kind of weather to expect to-day," said old Noggies, as he stood irresolutely in the doorway and looked out dublously at the sky. "I don't want to get caught downtown in a blizzard unprepared. By the way, what are a bilizard unprepared. By the way, what are the published indications for the next twenty-four hours?" Northwesterly winds, veering rapidly to north, with cold wave, "said Mrs. Noggles, quot-ing from the official predictions of the National Weather Hureau.
"Good!" said old Noggles, much relieved, and speaking with the promotions and decision of a

speaking with the promptness and ceclaion of a man of business. "Take these furs back and bring me my olskin overcost, umbrells and rubber shoes. Don't turn the water in the cinters till the roof has been drenched clean. I'll be home some time this evening, between showers."

DINING WITH THEIR FIRM

ANNUAL REUNION OF ROGERS, PRET & CO.'S MANY EMPLOYEES.

Dividend of 3 1-2 Per Cent. of Thety Year's Salaries Declared as Their Share of the Firm's Profits-Mr. Chambers, Dr. Deems and Others Speak to the Diners-The Ambition of the Big Clething House,

"If your employers had been the nation and you were all the people of the nation you could not have applauded more heartily than you did just now at the mention of Rogers, Peet & Co."

This was a remark of Dr. Charles F. Deems in opening a speech at the banquet of the employees of the clothing firm of Rogers, Peet & Co. in the ballroom of the Metropolitan Hotel last evening. The men had come down from the uptown retail store, at Broadway and Thirty-second street, and joining

way and Thirty-second street, and joining their fellows at the main store, Broadway in a body and Prince street, had crossed Broadway in a body and put their legs under the mahogany asguests of their employers.

There were 260 of them and about forty invited guests, and the light of the 200 gas-jets in the mammoth glass chandeliers, reflected from twenty broad mirrors, shone upon a happy and merry party and as prosperous a gathering of horny-handed sons of toil as one could wish to see.

happy and merry party and as prosperous a gathering of horny-handed sons of toil as one could wish to see.

At the head of the room and facing the tables of the men was another table. At it presided F. R. Chambers, of the firm of Rogers, Peet & Co. At his left was Dr. Deems, and W. H. R. Martin, of the firm, On the other side were Rev. Edward "Debt Raiger" Kimball, C. J. Farrington, manager of the Portland (Me.) house; J. H. Cook, of the Boston house; F. M. McFarlin, of the Rochester branch; John T. Martin and A. J. Nutting, of the Brooklyn house; J. J. K. Coard, Superintendent of the retail department, and his assistants, John A. Rhatigan and Mr. Hayward; S. M. Gall, of the shoe and hat departments; F. D. Palmer, head of the fancy goods department; Edward Wolf and Mr. McKenzie, superintendents of the Thirty-second street house, and W. T. Talisferro, S. B. Mills, H. C. Cooke, F. W. Joy and August Hass, wholesale workers.

This was the third annual dinner and the second annual declaration of the dividends of that proportion of the profits of the house to which the employees are entitled. The dividends were 3½ per cent. of the salaries of the men. Thus, an employee receiving \$1,000 a year in salary gets \$35.

The first speaker was Mr. Chambers. He said that it was the intention of the firm to have the model clothing establishment of the country. To this end the employees were encouraged to work for the welfare of the house as for their own, as there was a place in this big and growing country for every one who earned a diploma from Rogers, Peet & Co.'s commercial academy.

Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Deems, J. J. K. Coard, Thomas Lane and others.

others.

Wedded at Bloomsbury. BLOOMBBURY, N. J., Jan. 20.-Mr. Stewart tocker, of Philipsburg, and Miss Lizzle Brown,

of this place, were married in the Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon. The usbers were Messrs. C. S. Allen, S. C. Hulsizer, Morris Cooley and Wm. Purcell. The bride wore a trav-elling sait of brown plash. See carried a bouquet of roses fringed with smilax. The Rev. J. O., Winner officiated. Fell on Slippery Walks. The following named persons were injured by

failing on the slippery pavements: Michael Lynch, fifty-one years old, of 268 Bowery, fracture of left ankle, St. Vincent's Hospital; Wm. Van Horton, colored, thirty years old, 118 West Third street, injured internally, Roosevelt Hospital. To Talk Over Their Differences directors of the Jersey City and Bergen Borse Hailroad will meet a committee of the Knights of Labor to-morrow night with a view towards settling the differences between the com-pany and its employees, who complain of long nours and low wages.

Death of Policeman McElroy.
Policeman Daniel L. McElroy, of the East Twenty-second street squad, died last night of consumption, after a lingering lilness. He was appointed in May, 1883. His widow will receive a pension of \$300 a year.

Fiames on the lighter Ellen, loaded with mo-la-see, lying in the sips between Piers 59 and 69 Rast River, did 28,000 damage at about midnight. The lighter is owned by George A. Ockersausen

The annual ball of the Elkwood Social Cinb will street and Third avenue, on Tuesday,

A Comparison:

Total number in Herald... 438,476 Excess of World over Her-

ald . . . . . . . . .

793 ANSWERS!

Unsolicited Testimonial.

MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCHESTER, June 10, 1887.
To the New York World.
To the New York World.
The Real Str.: Our three-line salve, in your Sunday issue the Str.: Our three-line salve, in your Sunday issue to the Str.: Our three-line salve, in your Sunday with the following result:
New York, 3001 Ohio, 123; Massachusetts, 104; Peonsylvania, 62; Connecticut, 47; Delaware, 27; Maine, 24; Canada, 21; Washington, 17; Maryinad, 78; Virginis, 13; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 8; Illinois, 1; West Virginis, 4; miscellaneous, 9; making a total of 783 letters from parties who saw our advertisement in the New York Wostl.D, with a few more States to heaftern.

THOS. LEAHY, General Manages.

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD." Man With Property to Sell Relates His Advertising Experience.

To the Editor of The World:
On the 6th of December I sent two letters—one to THE WORLD and one to the Herald, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily \$5 worth. The Would gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, polished it once and kept the \$5. I got from This Would advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the Herald two letters from agents. I am well pleased with The Would and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken This Would three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one.

Yours respectfully,

Residence Park, New Rochelle, N. Y., Jah & a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in

Still Another.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1862.

type writer we placed an advertisement in the Herald of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 24 replice; in Time Worklp of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 115 replice.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours

Molasses Damaged by Flames.

The Elkwood's Annual Ball.

The World is THE "Want" Medium.

Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887..... 602.391

ald . . . . . . . . . 168,915

Number of columns of "Advis." in World dur-ing 1887... Number of columns in Herald... Excess of World over Her-16,970 9,921 7,049

those lamps will save you at least 50 per cent. in oil What One "Want" Adv't Did-As

To The World Office.

DRAB Sin: Wishing to obtain a shorthand an